The IDLER

Public Occurrences, Comment, Excursions & Rational Entertainment

Nr 12 SEPTEMBER 1965 35c THE COPY

NOW WHAT?

OUR WASHINGTON REPORT

DON PEDRO

Other Current Matters

WASHINGTON

Lyndon Johnson, as usual, is trying to have it both ways. At times he acts as though convinced that Americans will not accept continued involvement in Vietnam unless worked into an ideological frenzy. His non-public statements soar to the ionosphere of rhetoric. Our national honor is at stake, he cries. And to the moms of America he says, "I do not find it easy to send the flower of youth, our finest young men, into battle . . . I have seen them in a thousand streets of a hundred towns in every state in this Union — working and laughing and building and filled with hope and life. And I think I know, too, how their mothers weep and how their families sorrow."

This is the same man who, without a twitch of his poker face, had told Everett Dirksen: "The fewer theatrics the better."

In the Vietnam affair, Lyndon Johnson is the chief war lord and the chief peacemaker. The drumbeater and the pacifier. The burn and the ointment.

We are, he says, determined to stand firm and willing to negotiate. We will maintain the integrity of South Vietnam yet work towards free election throughout all Vietnam, which would leave the South with about as much integrity as a dead Texas steer after a sortie by vultures.

It is an amazing performance. The subtle shifts in the Administration's public position from day to day neatly prevent anybody from getting too mad at LBJ.

But it also has had the less fortunate result of bringing the nation to the point of heavy commitment in Vietnam confused and concerned. Months of verbal flimflams by the Administration have not prepared the public for the future. The record of the Administration in the Vietnam debate has been one of distortion, ambiguity, irrelevance and garden variety mendacity. Its utterances appear concocted jointly by Billy Graham, BBD&O and the Brothers Grimm.

This is too bad, for there are good reasons for our presence in Vietnam and there is also evidence that the actual strategy of the Administration makes more sense than its public statements would indicate.

The basic fact of Vietnam is that a significant number of people there are fighting to live under non-Vietcong rule. Whether there are two million or twelve million of them or whether they control one-eighth of the south or one-half does not really matter. They are under attack and deserve our help. Nothing has been more central in our Cold War policy than the concept that we should aid those subjected to Communist aggression. This has proven time and time again to be in the best interest of ourselves and the rest of the free world.

It is important, however, that we not delude ourselves into thinking that Vietnam is something that it is

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not. It is not the *sine qua non* of a free Southeast Asia. It is not the final battlement of democracy. And, above all, it can not be used as an excuse for nuclear war.

President Johnson is faced with two major dangers. He must not let this war expand beyond reasonable limits and he must not negotiate a phony and ignominious settlement. The President is fully aware of these dangers and, no doubt, personally confident that he can avoid them.

What Mr. Johnson doesn't realize is that the rest of the country does not share his unflagging faith in Mr. Johnson.

He denies contemplating a major nuclear conflict. But can he really keep control of the limits of this war? The arguments used for the presence of American advisors in South Vietnam were quickly and glibly turned into arguments for bombing North Vietnam and for active American participation in ground combat. How easily they could be further turned into arguments for much greater expansion of the battle. When do we reach the point of no return? In the heat of conflict it is hard to tell.

Mr. Johnson also denies that we will retreat from Vietnam yet we seek negotiations. What, then, will we negotiate about? And, once at the table, will it not become politically convenient to settle quickly and get out, whatever the expense to the free Vietnamese we so solemnly declare to be defending?

The best way for the Administration to answer these questions is to stop the ideological platitudes and the verbal legerdemain and clearly outline what we intend to do in Vietnam.

At present our strategy appears to be based on the concept of holding Saigon and selected areas along the east coast, then moving out into the countryside as conditions permit. According to news reports, we have also determined not to waste American troops in missions with high ambush potential, and instead will reserve them for battalion-size action.

This is a realistic strategy. It makes much more sense than one based on the false hope of negotiation or false faith in expansion. It implies a lengthy stay in Vietnam and it means, for perhaps years to come, something less than total victory against the V.C. But it also represents our best hope of saving what is left of South Vietnam without paying an unreasonable price. Our determination to stand fast will undoubtedly have a stabilizing effect on the rest of Southeast Asia. And it is a policy (providing the Administration is not panicked by political pressures into flashy displays of military activity) that can result in minimal risk to American life.

But the public must be conditioned to the realities of the situation. They must be made to understand the necessity of the undramatic, sufficient and lengthy application of American force in South Vietnam. And it is in this

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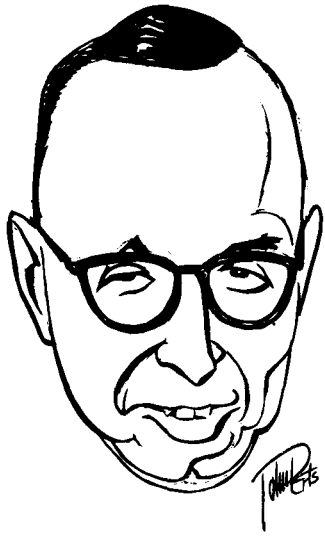
regard that Mr. Johnson and his Administration have failed miserably.

Playing Fair?

It looks like Arthur Schlesinger is about to come out with the most interesting political book of many a month. The excerpts published so far have been fascinating and illuminating.



Schlesinger: The Viziers Cried Foul

The Grand Viziers of the Consensus are crying foul. Interestingly, their complaint is not that Mr. Schlesinger is telling untruths. Rather they don't consider it fair for him to tell the truth so soon after the event.

Why? Is there any reason for truth to be kept in dry storage? If a reporter should, for example, discover that President Kennedy wanted to fire Dean Rusk, he would not wait twenty years to publish his story. Mr. Schlesinger is admirably suited to report on the Kennedy years, and that is what he is doing.

Full speed ahead, sir.

Shelton for the Bench?

It was one of those recurring nightmares. And it went like this. Robert Shelton, head of the KKK, had just been appointed to the Supreme Court. Some criticism was heard from Congress, but the Administration was quick with its reply. It pointed out that Shelton, by virtue of his post with the KKK, had been forced to take a segregationist line. He was really an intelligent and capable individual and once free of his former obligations would turn out to be an excellent jurist. Just you wait and see.

Like we said, it was only a nightmare. Nothing like that would ever happen, not even on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals.

Fooled by the Facts

The Coleman appointment was just another case where the Administration seemed to be living by the motto: "Don't be fooled by the facts."

An article by Ben Bagdikian in the summer issue of that excellent quarterly, the *Columbia Journalism Review*, pointed out several other examples:

—The weeks that President Johnson told the public it was being misled by reporters who said the government was thinking about widening the war in Vietnam.

CREDITS

The character sketches are by John Perts, Suffolk, Va.

Antoni Gronowicz, the author of "Threat," is an American poet, novelist, and playwright. His books and plays have been translated into seventeen languages.

The article by Edward Morgan is from the ABC radio program "Edward P. Morgan and the News," sponsored by the AFL-CIO.

The report by Richard Worsnop may not be reproduced without permission of Editorial Research Reports.

The piece by Senator Fulbright is from an address before former Rhodes Scholars at Swarthmore College.

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—The implication by the Administration that the government had consulted the OAS before sending troops into the Dominican Republic.

—Mr. Johnson's complaint that the *Washington Evening Star* had falsely reported he was about to propose a 3 per cent pay raise for federal workers. Later the President did just that.

—Mr. Johnson's complaint that the *Washington Post* had falsely reported that he was planning to ask for a $4 billion dollar cut in excise taxes. The President then proposed a $3.964 billion dollar tax cut.

—The background briefing prior to the President's John Hopkins speech in which he proposed unconditional negotiations with the Communists. Undersecretary of State George Ball claimed that the government had always held the position stated in Mr. Johnson's speech. There was laughter but no answer when ABC reporter John Scali asked:

"Since this has all been said before, would the Secretary please refresh the reporters' memories of the last time anyone in the government offered unconditional discussions on Vietnam?"

In another article in the same issue of the *Review*, a Canadian journalist cited a number of cases in which government spokesmen during the Dominican crisis denied things that reporters had seen with their own eyes.

The Canadian, Martin Goodman of the *Toronto Star*, concluded:

"It is this cavalier attitude towards the truth that is most worrisome in the long-run relationship between the government and its public. Once truth becomes a casualty, one can only wonder how and when it will recover."

Senator Gordon Allott, the Republican from Colorado, deserves a small note of appreciation for his steadfast efforts to prevent undue levity and raucousness from intruding upon the serious business of the day. He's the fellow, you'll remember, who called up CBS's Frank Stanton and told him that the poverty program's rock and roll TV show made him want to throw up. He has not been credited, however, for his courage in the face of constant harassment on that day last summer when the lights went out while he was speaking in the Senate chamber. The debate, according to the *Congressional Record*, went like this:

Mr. ALLOTT: I am not beguiled by the statements of the Russians, or by the Communist bloc in general, that they cannot generate enough dollar credits for their U.N. assessments. I do not believe it. Nevertheless, we face this argument which has been used over and over again.

(At this point the lights in the Senate Chamber went out.)

Mr. MILLER. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. ALLOTT. No.

Mr. MILLER. Can he shed some light on the subject? (Laughter.)

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator has adequate light with which to perform his function. The Senate will continue with its business.

Mr. ALLOTT. In view of the circumstances, with the lights in the Chamber going out, I hesitated to yield, for fear of what the Senator from Iowa might say about the lights going out while I was speaking.

I call attention to the fact that what the amendment does, in effect, is to put a crimp in our ability to help out friends . . .

* * * *

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. ALLOTT. May I complete my statement? What the amendment would do, in effect, would be to make it impossible for us to help those countries that we believe need our help, both militarily and economically.

I yield, now, to the Senator from West Virginia.

Mr. RANDOLPH. I appreciate the fact that the Senator is willing to yield

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HUGH HAYNIE ...

"May I Have Another Bowl, Mr. Bumble?" Asked Oliver Twist"

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under these darkened circumstances. I do not wish to be facetious, and I hope that what I am about to say will not be misunderstood.

Mr. ALLOTT. May I interrupt the Senator? If he is about to refer to the lights going out, I decline to yield.

* * * *

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. President, during my first campaign for a seat in the House of Representatives, I campaigned in Morgan County. I was attempting to make a point at a political meeting at Paw Paw, a fine community in a then strong Republican county when the lights went out as they have in our chamber today. I wondered what I might say under the distressing circumstances.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senate will be in order.

Mr. ALLOTT. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. RANDOLPH. The audience, perhaps, had not been too responsive. I tried to relieve the unusual situation by paraphrasing the old hymn, "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning." I said:

Let the lower lights be burning;
Send a gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting, struggling Republican
I must rescue, I must save.

Just then the lights came on again. (Laughter)

Mr. ALLOTT. I can only say that I am happy to have that little story. Obviously the Senator's affinity with the Lord must have been much closer then than it is now, because I do not see the lights on this time.

Mr. AIKEN. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. ALLOTT. I yield.

Mr. AIKEN. If the Senator was contemplating discussing our relationship with the rest of the world, particularly with southeast Asia and other areas, Congress has been working in the dark for so long that I do not think we should mind this interruption of the lights going out at this time . . .

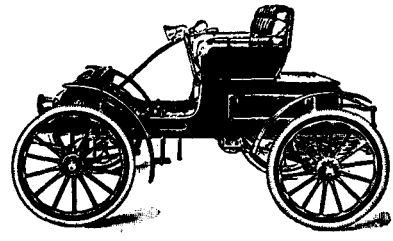
Mr. ALLOTT . . . I have been trying to avoid yielding to my colleagues in the Senate because I know that inevitably some of them would refer to the lights going out and to the Senate's convening in the dark. I have been trying to avoid it.

Mr. CLARK. Mr. President, will the Senator yield once more?

Mr. ALLOTT. I yield.

Mr. CLARK. I heard the comment of the Senator from West Virginia with respect to how he had the Lord put the lights on again. Our difficulty is that we must go to the Architect of the Capitol and that will probably take a good deal longer. (Laughter.)

Mr. ALLOTT. I shall resume by making the second point that I wish to make, which is . . .



Fifty thousand Americans will lose their lives in automobile accidents this year—almost as many as were killed in World War I. About 1.8 million drivers, passengers and pedestrians will suffer disabling injuries—slightly more than the number of American fighting men injured in all the wars of the 20th century. The automobile is now the fourth leading cause of death in the population as a whole of persons 5-29 years old.

Safety experts and officials at every level of government have been searching for years for a way to end the carnage on the highways. To date, they have concerned themselves mainly with safer roads and safer drivers. Now their attention is shifting toward safer automobiles. The idea is not to design a crash-proof car, but to build

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one that will provide maximum protection for its occupants in case of accident.

Recent developments suggest that new cars are not as safe as they might be. The Chrysler Corp. told dealers to call in early-production 1965 Chryslers, Dodges and Plymouth Furys to see if their steering-gear supports needed rewelding. General Motors Corp. is the defendant in some 45 suits alleging that Corvairs manufactured between 1960 and 1963 were "inherently dangerous." And about 30 doctors, members of a group called Physicians for Automotive Safety, picketed the International Automobile Show at New York's Coliseum, April 7, to protest "safety defects in current auto design."

The manufacturers contend that today's automobiles are adequately safe; the great majority of accidents, they feel, are caused by bad roads and bad drivers. The industry argues further that many highly touted safety features are expensive and unproven and that, in any event, the customer doesn't want them.

Detroit can make a good case that "safety doesn't sell." For example, the Ford Motor Co. in 1956 introduced a package of five safety features, including seat belts. The company's advertising stressed the "exclusive new lifeguard design" of Ford cars. Far from welcoming the safety innovations, prospective buyers shunned the Ford showrooms. By August 1956, the word "safety" was missing from Ford advertising and the company's sales were picking up.

Automobile men have reason to claim that today's cars are safer than those of 40 or even 10 years ago. The self-starter, four-wheel brakes, safety glass, all-steel bodies, and sealed-beam headlighting were among the early advances in automobile construction. In the past decade the industry has introduced without fanfare such safety features as steering wheels with recessed hubs, dual headlights, and cars with lower centers of gravity.

The trouble is that every advance in safety design seems to create a new safety hazard. For example, late model cars are far more resistant to noise and road vibration than older models; these improvements were supposed to lessen the driver's susceptibility to fatigue. But some safety experts maintain that cars have become too comfortable, that some awareness of speed and of rough pavement is necessary for good driving judgment.

Many drivers fail to take advantage of the safety features in their cars. Studies by the Auto Industries Highway Safety Committee indicate that only 54 per cent of motorists whose cars have seat belts use them regularly. The tendency is to fasten the belts on long journeys but to leave them unfastened on short trips. If anything, the reverse procedure should be followed, for 75 per cent of all traffic fatalities occur within a 25-mile radius of the victim's home.

—*Richard L. Worsnop*

SAN JUAN

With this brief paragraph, Harvard University, in its alumni bulletin, noted the passing of one of its more illustrious or (depending on your point of view) infamous graduates:

"Pedro Albizu Campos '16, LL.B. '21. Died in San Juan, Puerto Rico, April 21, 1965. Lawyer and one-time president of the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico. His political activities led to trouble with the U. S. authorities and he was indicted and sentenced to Atlanta Penitentiary for two terms totaling eighty-one years. In 1953 he was pardoned. His health then was considerably impaired. Because of action of his followers his pardon was revoked in the spring of 1954 and he was again pardoned in 1964. Married Laura Meneses, 1922, who is now first secretary at the Cuban mission to the United Nations. They had one son and two daughters."

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Pedro Albizu-Campos was a Harvard man, an active sympathizer of the Irish Republican Army, a one-time officer in the United States Army and, above all, one of the most brilliant politicians and spell-binding orators in the last five hundred years of Puerto Rican history. He could inspire fanatical devotion and extraordinary enthusiasm, sometimes in the most ordinary people. Because of his travels and verbal skills, he was well-known in Latin America, where he was far more highly regarded than in Puerto Rico. Even during his last decade, spent in San Juan's Presbyterian Hospital as a ward of the Commonwealth, he aroused the sympathy and legal efforts of an odd collection of pacifists, terrorists, communists and liberals. His passage across the political firmament of Puerto Rico was less like that of a brightly shining star than that of a low flying comet. His influence was limited and transitory. He left a certain amount of destruction in his path.

Don Pedro entered the Nationalist Party in 1929 and became its chief candidate in the insular elections of 1932. His program: independence for Puerto Rico. He attracted enormous crowds but got less than 4% of the vote. Then he turned his party away from the electoral process and towards violence. In a certain way, he was like Governor Wallace of Alabama. Personally, Don Pedro never hurt a flea. But his words inspired others and they did the dirty work with enthusiasm. Over the years, his followers assassinated the chief of the insular police, and tried to assassinate two governors of Puerto Rico and President Truman. They also exchanged fire with the police in Rio Piedras, staged a "revolution" in Jayuya and shot up the Federal House of Representatives. In the process, quite a few Nationalists, policemen and innocent bystanders bit the dust.

Ironically, what may turn out to be Don Pedro's one real influence on Puerto Rican history was quite unintentional. Because of their activities, the Nationalists were often in court. One of their early defense lawyers was a remarkable young man named Ernesto Ramos-Antonini. He went on from there, eventually to become Speaker of the Commonwealth House of Representatives and, after Luis Munoz-Marin, the most influential man in Puerto Rico. Until the day of his death, independence was Don Ernesto's favorite status. Unlike Don Pedro, however, he was not a one-issue man but a Renaissance man, with many objectives for humanity, many interests and talents. By supporting Commonwealth status, Ramos could partially attain a great many of his aims, most of which would have been utopian under any other political form. He became a sort of Puerto Rican Hubert Humphrey, an eloquent number two man with a strong interest in small retailers, unions and racial injustice.

Nevertheless, one must not read too much into this relation between Don Pedro and Don Ernesto. Tens of thousands of Puerto Ricans alive today were touched at one point in their lives by Don Pedro, for in his crazy sometimes paranoic way he loved Puerto Rico with a unique passion. And tens of thousands turned out for his funeral. But in the acid tests of life, at the voting booth and on the firing line, these tens of thousands did not support him. Only a tiny group of fanatics did, ever tinier as time went by. Even his Radcliffe wife failed him. They separated long ago.

I do not recall Don Pedro's epitaph, but none could fit him better than a comment made long ago by Don Luis Munoz-Marin: "Never in history has one leader exercised so strong an influence over so few people." Later Munoz would say of the Nationalists as a group: "They live in an unreal world of their own creation . . . every once in a while real bullets come out of the unreal world and kill real people in the real world." Perhaps now the bullets will come no more.

—L. A. Changa

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HOLD ON!

By Charles McDowell, Jr.

WASHINGTON

The bipartisan approach to the war in Viet Nam is one of the most interesting things going on in Washington.

It is also one of the roughest. Bipartisanship is getting to be something that only the very best infighters want to get into.

Democrats and Republicans alike are supporting President Johnson's conduct of the war, but Democrats and Republicans alike also are criticizing it and each other. This is the essence of bipartisanship.

Some of the Republicans in Congress are supporting the President's conduct of the war so strongly that they are beginning to imply proudly that they are supporting it more strongly than he is.

This sneaky escalation of Republican support is particularly galling to Democrats who think Mr. Johnson is conducting the war too vigorously already.

They say that the Republican leadership in the House is trying to push the President into a wider war and a deeper hole by intimidating him and twisting his arm, which is the newest bipartisan phrase.

Because bipartisanship works in all directions, the situation is not yet out of hand. While the Republican leadership in the House does seem to be pushing the President to use bombers on a wider scale, the Republican leadership in the Senate makes no real secret of its feeling that the Republican leadership in the House does not know what it is talking about.

Actually, few members of the Senate ever think anyone in the House knows what he is talking about, but that is traditional and not part of the new bipartisanship.

In the new bipartisanship both parties in each branch of Congress disagree within themselves and with their own party in the other branch, and the result is a sort of consensus in which almost everyone disagrees less with the President than with any number of other people.

There is a possibility, of course, that super-support of the President—talk of wider bombings—by House Republican leaders is not terribly serious. It may be that Gerald Ford of Michigan, the House Republican chief, and Melvin Laird of Illinois, chairman of the Republican Conference, merely want more to do with picking the targets for American bombers.

Republicans have said that one problem with the war is that President Johnson and Defense Secretary McNamara are picking the targets, and perhaps a truly bipartisan approach would allow Ford and Laird to get in on it.

Until recently Laird had been talking in the sweeping, general, strategic terms that would be expected of a party leader but Ford delved into tactics by specifically pinpointing the missile sites around Hanoi as a recommended Republican target.

It is not known whether Ford and Laird plan to set up a "war room" in the House and plot Republican tactics daily, nor whether Senator Dirksen of Illinois, the Republican leader in the Senate, would be cleared for admittance.

In any event, the bombing planners among House Republicans have not talked much about the Chinese and Russians and how they might react to new American bombing policies. They have left that to some of the Senate Democrats, who handle that kind of worrying — and general diplomatic planning — as a regular thing.

The situation may look dark, but at least there is no serious indication yet of a breakdown of the present bipartisan policy. It is hard to say how reassuring this is to the President.

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General Sessions

On Monday mornings the line forms early in front of Room 116 of the District of Columbia's Court of General Sessions, Criminal Division. Each person in the line — policeman or citizen — has witnessed, investigated or participated in one of the myriad miseries of a Washington weekend. They have come to Room 116 to tell the small staff of Assistant U.S. Attorneys (Washington's equivalent of assistant DA's) about it.

For the policemen it is just another Monday morning. Their accounts of the weekend are written in official reports with mechanical description and narrative in the ancient tradition of sparsely objective stationhouse literature:

"Private Herrity prepared a separate report of what he saw. There were five women in the show and as they did their act each one exposed their breasts and buttocks . . . The house lights then went on bright and the girls came out with nothing on except the small patches over their privates."

For the policemen the major emotion of the day may be mild discomfort, from sitting too long on hard wooden courtroom benches, and mild boredom, from waiting too long on the benches for their case to be called, only to have it continued to a later date. Going to the Court of General Sessions to testify in one of the innumerable misdemeanor cases processed there means a dull day for the cop and it is said that some prefer, if possible, to avoid making arrests and so escape the courthouse tedium.

But the patrolmen and detectives gather at the left end of the counter in the U.S. Attorneys office on Monday mornings after the doors open at nine.

At the right end there is a sign that reads: "Information." By this sign another line is formed, filled with individuals whose language and emotions lack the restraint of the uniformed visitors to Room 116.

We pulled up a stool beside the young Assistant U.S. Attorney behind the counter. In front of him, at the head of the line, a Negro woman fidgetted with a tattered and filthy handkerchief. Her words were nearly unaudible but then she turned towards us and we could hear her say, "He took a small potato knife and threatened to push me out the window."

The attorney leaned over his yellow legal pad to catch the woman's words.

"How long have you been living with him?"

"About three months."

"You married?"

"No."

"If he comes back are you going to let him in?"

"No . . . I want him arrested because I'm afraid he might hurt me."

She seemed to want to say something more, but her lips were quivering and her eyes had moistened and she stopped to look for a clean piece of tissue paper in her handbag. She found it and dabbed her eyes.

"I'm living in a dangerous world. I want help."

We looked down at the legal pad and saw only two notations: the boyfriend's name and the woman's address. To help, the U.S. Attorney's office would need more facts than these, and they were drawn out of the rambling and disjointed discourse by a few well-placed questions.

Then, in a quick yet not unsympathetic manner, the attorney explained the limits of the government's ability to mediate the woman's domestic difficulties and the problems posed in prosecuting a case so devoid of tangible evidence. He added, however, that he would schedule a hearing at which the matter could be studied further with both parties present. The woman

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nodded, closed up her handbag and left the counter.

The woman at the counter was unfamiliar to the Assistant U.S. Attorney but her story was depressingly familiar. It, and countless variations upon it, would be repeated several times that day and several thousand times during the year.

There would be a hearing. The woman and her boy friend would appear. The U.S. Attorney would be unable to discover a suitable basis for prosecution. Perhaps the couple would be referred to a minister in their community or some other person who could give them professional advice. or perhaps the message of the hearing would be more blunt:

"You keep threatening this girl and you're going to find your ass in jail."

The hearing would take longer than the interview at the counter (which had lasted less than five minutes), but it, too, would be only a brief and scarcely satisfactory respite from the deeper problems of what this woman had called a "dangerous world."

Across the street from the Court of General Sessions are two shabby buildings. One houses a legal bookstore, the other a local headquarters for the Salvation Army. The two buildings are in symbolic proximity to the U.S. Attorney's office, for those who arrive at the information counter seek not only legal advice but a touch of Major Barbara as well.

The twelve assistant U.S. Attorneys do the best they can filtering the thousands of citizen complaints that they receive, but ultimately they are DA's and not marriage counsellors. The reliance on *ex-parte* hearings (such as the one that would be held in the case of the woman with the troublesome boyfriend) is not based on a naive hope that the U.S. Attorney's Office can solve the social ills of a city on a half-hour per-capita basis, but on the realization that these unprosecutable cases, if not diverted to more suitable agencies and individuals, could become the final twist of the garrote on an already choking court docket.

At the information counter, another woman, who had her suitcase with her, was telling her story.

"My husband wants to murder me so he can get the insurance."

Then he would get her sons. And there were eight of them helping him. And they all had cars.

"Eight of whom," the assistant attorney asked.

"Eight of his friends. They're helping him to kill me. I don't know where I'm going. I wouldn't mind staying in jail."'

The attorney spoke quietly to the woman.

"Your son—the one who's seventeen—I want to talk to him. Can you get him down here?"

"I don't know. They're trying to kill me. Eight of them are helping. And, you see, they all have cars."

"Well, I want to talk to your son. I want you to get him down here. Do you understand?"

"I'm afraid, but I'll try."

"Good. You bring him down here."

The woman with the suitcase left and the attorney turned to us. "I think she's paranoic, but I'll have a better idea after I talk to her son. You get so you can judge these cases pretty well. But you don't want to make a mistake. Maybe her husband *is* trying to kill her. Her son should be able to help us. He's old enough to know what's going on."

The next girl was fat. She wore a tight fitting blue dress and clutched a pink shoe box in her hands. With her was a heavy, older man with bloodshot eyes. She and a girlfriend, Clara, had traded coats. Clara's boyfriend had slugged the fat girl because she hadn't returned the coat. The attorney struggled to get the names and events straight.

"Then he said to her . . ."

"Who's he?"

"John — Clara's boyfriend — like I'm trying to tell you . . . . . and then this other guy . . . ."

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"Which other guy?"

"Oh, this guy who hangs around there all the time."

The man with the bloodshot eyes interjected, "What I don't see is why he would take up a fight between two girls."

The attorney turned to the girl. "Do you really want him to go to jail over this? If you swear out a warrant and he gets arrested, he'll have a record. Is that what you want?"

"That's what I want. I want him to go to jail."

Her companion shrugged.

The attorney gave her an information sheet to fill out and suggested that the best approach might be to sue her attacker in civil court for damages. "The rules of evidence are not as rigid as they are in this court."

"I want him in jail."

The pair left. "You hear that a lot," the attorney told us. "But if you ever prosecuted, chances are she'd have changed her mind by the time the trial came around."

We left the counter and walked past the line, out of Room 116. Upstairs Judge Edward Beard's court was in session. Judge Beard handles misdemeanor cases pressed by the U. S. Attorney's office. The court of general sessions is the same size as it was in 1932, even though crime has nearly doubled in the past decade and the number of cases filed by the U. S. Attorney has gone up 30% in the last two years.

Judge Beard numbers his cases each year in the thousands and it was not hard to understand some of the motivation for his dour and sardonic manner.

With monotonous regularity the cases were called up. If a defendant appeared unrepresented, the judge picked a member of the "Fifth Street Bar" to come forward and handle the case. The Fifth Streeters are lawyers who sit in the courtroom waiting to be appointed to cases, hopefully ones in which the client can pay for the services rendered. Their nickname comes from the street that runs past the court. These are not neatly tailored lawyers from neatly tailored downtown Washington firms. They remind one more of a Hogarth print as they sit in the jury box listening for their names to be called in turn. One is large and breathing heavily. Another is squat, bespectacled and faintly smiling. A gaunt woman sits leaning to one side, a thin briefcase grasped in her lap. They wait like so many pigeons for the judge to announce their name so they may strut forward to pick up the legal bread that is tossed their way. Then with a new client at their side they hustle confidently out of the courtroom to confer.

On this Monday, most of the cases were being heard for the first time. Bond was being established and continuances set. Judge's clerk, Assistant U. S. Attorney and Fifth Streeter all played their roles with weary precision.

Occasionally, Judge Beard would break the rhythm long enough to snap at the prosecutor or Fifth Streeter before him.

In one case he demanded of the Assistant U. S. Attorney: "Why does the government want $2000 bond? These were just two winos slugging it out with a golf club."

In another he raised the bond on a defendant who came before the bar wearing sunglasses.

Only occasionally did the defendants appear long enough to gain a personality. Such as the 65-year-old Negro arrested for shoplifting. In his pants pockets and under his belt were found a package of bologna, a package of ham, a chocolate bar, a package of lamb chops, a small can of frozen orange juice, and a small can of frozen pineapple juice.

"I would have liked to have seen that," Judge Beard remarked.

It was the man's first offense. He was unemployed and, at his age, probably unemployable. He hadn't put the food under his belt just for kicks. The court took his personal bond not to repeat the offense and sent him back to his empty, hungry world.

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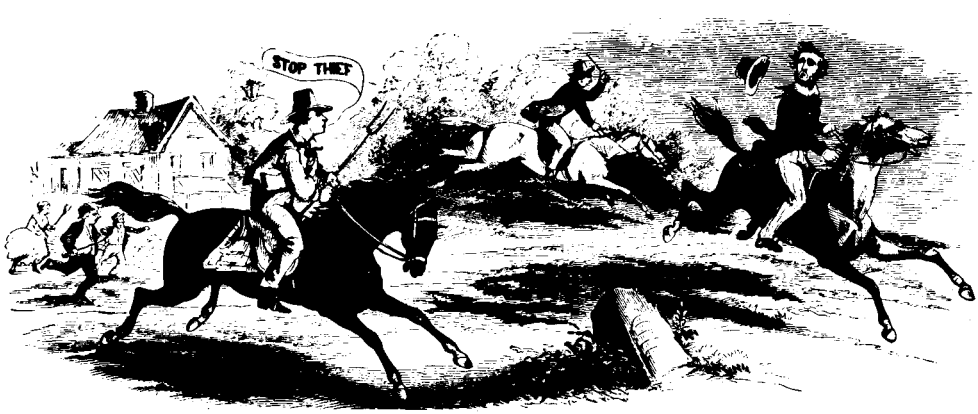
We left the courtroom and went back downstairs. In the time it took to descend the stairs Judge Beard would probably have handled two more cases. We dropped in on Tim Murphy, the Assistant U. S. Attorney in charge of the operations in room 116.

For about a half hour, Murphy, in shirtsleeves, talked easily of his problems. Not that his problems are easy, but he's been in the job long enough to gain that professional fatalism that permits men to speak of their most serious concerns in a slightly offhand manner.

He ticked off the statistics. The lack of judges. The rapid rise in crime. The 12,000 cases a year his office must file even though he is working with a staff reduced because of the needs of other divisions of the U. S. Attorney's office. The difficulties created by recent court decision restricting the use of confessions. And he placed emphasis on the observation that while there were many legal study groups examining the rights of defendants and the adequate representation of indigents, he knew of no professional body studying means of improving the efficiency of prosecution of the guilty.

We could have sat a good deal longer talking with Tim Murphy. But the real problem wasn't in his office. It was outside, in the city—not just Washington but every city—where not enough of us really give a damn about what goes on in rooms like 116 and chambers like Judge Beard's. We don't care that an Assistant U. S. Attorney has only three minutes in which to decide whether to prosecute a complaint by a citizen. Or that the number of judges in a court hasn't increased in thirty years. Or that in a city of 800,000 there are only about 350 policemen on patrol duty at any one time.

We have tried to buy justice and law enforcement in the bargain basement. And today, with crime rapidly mounting and law enforcement and justice becoming inadequate at a proportionate rate, we are receiving a bitter but just return on our investment.



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SNOW

Cassandra, the young mastodon, was very highly strung,
"She's always been like that," they said, "there's nothing to be done.
She finds it hot and sultry in these jungles by the Ob —
The herd and now the monkeys too, have made it such a mob."

Cassandra said, "It isn't that, it's something in the air —
You all know that with prophecy I really have a flair —
But now there's something coming I'm not able to portend —
I'm sure this pleasant life of ours is coming to an end.

"For as I stood a-dreaming beneath the banyan tree
And gazing in the limpid pool, a vision came to me:
I saw the heavens open, and from them seemed to fall
Great showers like leaves, but white and soft and very, very small."

Her mother laughed and gave her some bananas then to munch
And said that she'd feel better when she'd had a little lunch,
When all at once the earth began to reel and spin and roar
And all its old polarity and forces held no more.

The mastodons stood quite aghast, as frozen by the shock
Then really frozen by the cold which came all round the clock
The Siberian wastes were white with snow, to poor Cassandra's pride
As, buried in enormous drifts, complacently she died.

—Enid Saunders Candlin

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HUGH HAYNIE ...

"I'm A Big, F-F-Ferocious D-D-Dragon! Aren't You A-A-Afraid!"

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Sex, The Single Girl & 4,300,000,000 Others

"Oh so you like me. You say that's why you want me to cooperate in your petting. But you are making a big mistake. You don't seem to realize that those two statements cancel each other. If you really like me, you've got to like all of me. And all of me means my soul and my body."

—Suggested reply to a date, advised in "How to Say No to Boyfriends," a religious pamphlet.

"Since you'll never make your girls intellectual (if they lack the necessary intelligence), why don't you reverse your technique—and try making intellectual girls?"

—Advice to a reader in "Playboy Magazine."

The minister, telling a young girl how to be chaste, and Hugh Hefner, telling a young man how to chase, have one thing in common. They are both deadly serious in their efforts. One man has sworn to uphold the great Puritan tradition. The other, liberating sex from this oppressive tradition and busily selling it in turn to Madison Ave., bears the important responsibility of making sure the commodity in his care moves across the counter quickly enough to keep his circulation growing.

It is, as one learns from following the instructions in Mr. Hefner's publication, no easier to be a playboy than it is to be a Puritan. At least Cotton Mather didn't need to worry about the brand of tweeter installed in his bathroom stereo set.

It is sad, since we live in a nation so obsessed with sex, that we can not have a pleasantly pornographic society and let it go at that. But between the penny-ante purists on the one hand and those who have discovered the market value of sex, on the other, sex for the American often becomes plain hard work.

We have movies and books to ban, VD rates to lower in junior high schools, psychiatrists to visit, delightfully smutty novels like *Candy* to find some intellectual and literary justification for, mail to intercept, buggery in the arts to analyse in deep sociological articles, statistics to compile and polls to take. Our women must arm themselves with wigs, cosmetic camouflage and false bodily contours for the endless battle against the ravages of time. And our men must devote considerable time, money and energy not only to adorn their persons properly, but to assure themselves that their automobiles, record collections, apartments and drinking habits (are *you* an ale man?) are adequate extensions of their virility.

There is in fact so much to write, buy, talk, read, interview and study about sex that it is commendable we still find a little time to practice it.

The truth of the matter is that neither moralist nor amoralist is going to chance the basically idiosyncratic nature of sexual habits and the sooner they recognize the fact, the more pleasant it will be for all of us.

There is, however, a problem related to sex that should properly absorb our attention. It is not a matter as titillating as coming up with a perfect definition of obscenity or arguing over the ethics of pre- and extramarital intercourse, or discovering the Freudian implications of our own psyche, or fretting over the various perversions of insignficant segments of our population.

It is, though, much more important and of fundamental moral concern. In the next fifteen years, according to the people who keep track of such things, the world population will increase from 3 billion to 4.3 billion. It is expected that 1.2 billion of the

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increase will occur in the poor and underdeveloped countries of the world, only 221 million in the rich and developed nations. An even more disproportionate rise in the population in the poor countries is predicted for the years 1980-2000. By the end of this century three out of four people of the world will be living in countries that, as one concerned observer put it, "are today incapable of providing a standard of living adequate to feed, clothe and shelter their people in minimum decency."

Against this surge, the underdeveloped nations, with their gradually increased production and the massive efforts of American foreign aid, have had only meagre success. Venezuela, for example, has had an annual gross national product growth rate of 4.5% over the past six years. Its annual population increase has been 3.8%, leaving an effective per capita growth rate of only .7%. And this in a country with a per capita gross national product of only $765. Of all the Latin American countries, only Peru

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has an effective growth rate of over 3%. Argentina is losing ground and Paraguay is standing still. The story is similar in Africa and in Asia. India, with its huge population, has been able to increase its annual per capita GNP only 2.1% a year over the past six years.

Now that the development of techniques of contraception has advanced to a point that we can cheaply manufacture highly effective devices, our failure to make full use of this new resource is, in reality, a new form of immorality.

We are told to have patience. We are taking "bold new steps." Why Lyndon Johnson even mentioned the subject in his State of the Union address!

But the fact remains that the two organizations of world power that could do most to spread and encourage effective population control — the United States government and the Roman Catholic Church—continue to tiptoe through the issue as though the years will wait comfortably while political and religious technicalities are debated.

The Church, as we go to press, is said to be working on an important new statement on birth control. We hope so. Nothing less than a major reversal of its past stand will do. It has too long hampered the spread of techniques that are desperately needed in many parts of the world. Its intransigence raises moral questions much more important than the historical consistency of its own dogma. Its theological nitpicking about the issue has dragged on to the point that the church can no longer avoid justifiable moral censure for its stand.

The United States government similarly can no longer be excused for its pitiful efforts in population control. The Agency for International Development still does not accept requests for contraceptive devices or machines

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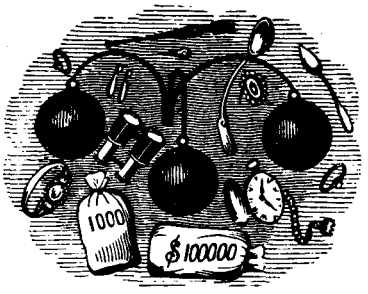
that will make them. The agency's health service director, Dr. Phillip R. Lee, said in a recent speech that AID "does not advocate family planning or any method of family planning."

Certain cautious recent actions by our government indicate increased interest in getting down to the business at hand. But a few studies here, a few clinics there and a new Assistant Secretary of this or that will not suffice.

We are told that despite its public stand AID has been operating some almost subrosa experiments in passing out birth control information. This, at best, is half a step in the right direction. Contraception information is not something we should send out to the world in a plain brown wrapper Rather we should change our attitude towards birth control knowledge from being something to be distributed from under the counter, to something we proudly, openly and extensively promote as the great boon to man that it is.

OPPORTUNITIES



Webcor Hi-Fi tape recorder with mike, 5" tape. Has fast forward, edit, automatic cutoff, many more features. Good condition. $100. Write TAPE, c/o Idler.

Mediaeval brass rubbings. Fine art print of the monumental brass of Henry Sever (died 1471) Chaplain to Henry VII, Chancellor of Oxford University, from Merton College, Oxford. 60" x 21" gold on blue or scarlet. $15. Write RUBBINGS, c/o IDLER.

LET THEM PAY

by John Wallstreat

For many months we have been worried over how our friends can possibly pay for the magnificent array of glittery products with which they surround themselves. Some of our neighbors in fact are so far in debt that their finances seem hopeless.

Now, however, there is no need for them to worry, thanks to an organization which has just come on the financial scene with the happy title of "Let the Grandchildren Pay." Here is the way it works:

Suppose a young couple wishes to buy a few things this month. These might include heating the swimming pool, lengthening the runway on the ranch, and replacing the Rolls Royce station wagon. Even in this affluent age, doing all this in one month could strain some family budgets—but not if they subscribe to Let the Grandchildren Pay. A stroke of the pen, the good things of life begin to materialize and everyone is happy. The couple is happy because they get what they want immediately. The manufacturers are happy over more sales, the bankers are happy because they can look forward to 50 years of compound interest on the debts so incurred. And the grandchildren God bless them, will not be unhappy for the prospects of inflation are such that they will probably be able to pay off the cost of such trifles for what will then be the price of shoes.

Thus once LGP is accepted universally our present level of prosperity, such as it is, will seem abject poverty compared to the golden future that lies ahead. The only problem is that we have mislaid the literature from Let the Grandchildren Pay and so cannot order that ocean-going schooner today.

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Peace With Freedom?

by Sen. J. W. Fulbright

AS AN objective of foreign policy "peace with freedom" is a dubious concept. The difficulty about peace is that practically everybody wants it but practically everybody wants something else more. The difficulty about freedom is that the form of it most desired in the world is the freedom to work one's will upon others. And the difficulty about any noble objective in human affairs is that there are likely to be as many versions of it—usually conflicting versions—as there are advocates.

I do not suggest that "peace with freedom" is an unworthy object of our foreign policy but only that the pursuit of it with too much zeal is the surest way to lose it. Of all the faculties of man none is more perfectly developed than the talent for cutting general principles to the specifications of personal interest and ambition. We Americans sincerely believe that our policies are designed to secure peace with freedom for all men. But the Russians and the Chinese may be just as sincere in believing that their policies are the way to peace with freedom. Under these conditions the prospects for peace with freedom in the world would seem to depend on the restraint with which everybody pursues his own particular concept of it.

Of all the dangers that beset humanity perhaps the greatest is man's abiding dissatisfaction with his own nature. Through the ages men have constantly tried and constantly succeeded in efforts to control their natural environment. Just as constantly men have tried and failed to alter their own nature. For reasons not easily understood we have never been at peace with our human appetites and instincts and irrationalities and have striven, at a disastrous price in violence and self-hate, to make ourselves into a race of angels. The product of all this striving to be better than we are or can be is that self-deceiving righteousness which enables men in pristine conscience to commit unspeakable acts of cruelty.

I believe that the world has suffered far less from overt wickedness than from too much passion for virtue and too much conviction about how to achieve it. These sentiments, rooted in man's hatred of his own human nature, lead not to virtue but to the macabre entreaty of Mark Twain's "War Prayer:" "for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord," the mysterious stranger prays before battle, "blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet. We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him who is the source of love, and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen."

I think that the prospects for peace with freedom would be much improved if we could come to terms with our imperfections and modify our ambitions. "Human nature will not change," said Abraham Lincoln. "In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good." If only we could learn to live with this prospect and could make our peace with the imperfections of human nature, we might then be able to develop the respect for ourselves and the compassion for others which are the conditions of peace with freedom.

The world is not at present moving in this direction. Until a short time ago it seemed that it might be, but in recent months events have taken an ominous turn. For varied and complex reasons the nations are sliding back into the self-righteous and crusading spirit of the cold war. We are hearing very much more these days

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about honor and principles and peace and freedom and national liberation and it is all being accompanied by rising tensions and violence. It is too soon to say whether the trend toward more stable world relations which seemed to be developing a short time ago is merely being interrupted or whether a whole new tendency is taking hold in world politics.

It is clear in any case that the cold war detente is at best in suspension. The crises in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic are affecting matters far beyond the frontiers of the countries concerned. The Alliance for Progress, for example, was regarded as progressing hopefully until April of this year, but its future is now uncertain. The steady improvement of our relations with the neutralist countries and with the Communist countries of Eastern Europe has been interrupted by the spreading belief that the United States is no longer in sympathy with the nationalism of small and struggling nations.

Most important and ominous of all, events in southeast Asia and the Caribbean are greatly complicating relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. Their detente has not been destroyed but it is in abeyance and a renewed atmosphere of harshness is developing. Neither of the great powers appear to welcome this deterioration in relations and neither has deliberately brought it about, but powerful though they are, they seem powerless to arrest it. Somewhat like the great powers of 1914, the Soviet Union and the United States appear to have lost much of their former control of events; like the great powers of 1914, they appear to be more preoccupied with commitments to others than with their own interests and preferences in relations with each other.

Under these conditions the prognosis for peace with freedom is hardly favorable. But existing conditions are not permanent conditions and prevailing tendences are not irreversible. Our capacity to shape events is as great as our capacity to understand them. The rational and constructive conduct of public affairs is not man's most conspicuous talent, to be sure, but it has been done before and it can be done again.

I have no prescription to offer as to how to improve the prospect for peace and freedom in the world beyond the general proposition that they are most successfully pursued when they are pursued without excess of zeal. "All this struggling and striving to make the world better is a great mistake," wrote Shaw, "not because it isn't a good thing to improve the world if you know how to do it, but because striving and struggling is the worst way you could set about doing anything."

The prospects for peace with freedom depend very largely on the ability of nations to recognize that "peace with freedom" means different things to different people and that, however deeply one may believe in one's own version of it, it is just possible that someone else's version is as good or even better.

CONTEMPORARY RELIGION

"Thieves, who broke into St. John's Episcopal Church, 6715 Old Georgetown Pike, McLean, got more than $500 in loot, including about $75 in cash and several bottles of whiskey and champagne."

—*Washington Evening Star*

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The Little Literature

By A. Falleder

ELIZABETH & BACON

At Rise: The Queen's apartment. Elizabeth sits reading a popular romance. Francis Bacon arrives and begins his formal entrance.

Elizabeth
Get up! the maid does that Friday.

Bacon
This is the way Bob told me.

Elizabeth
Bob Devereux is a doll.

Bacon
And he's an Earl.

Elizabeth
(closing her book)
Well sir . . . how's everything going?

Bacon
Going-going Queen . . . The world is going!

Elizabeth
(takes up book)
Well . . .

Bacon
The inanimate mass, huge, opaque, reflecting in a vast ethereal ocean of infinite space . . . this world is going.

Elizabeth
I believe you.

Bacon
The gravitation or rather the counteraction of a circular and annual revolution . . .

Elizabeth
REVOLUTION!

Bacon
. . . Turning-like . . .

Elizabeth
hmm.

Bacon
"Going," you say Lady. . . The Brahmins assert heavens rest on the earth, the sun and moon swim therein like fishes in water. According to Pauranicas of India the world is a vast plain, by seven oceans of milk, nectar and delicious liquids with seven mountains of burnished gold.

Elizabeth
That's a new one.

Bacon
The Khaliphat of Mothi Billah, in the Dgioumadi-el-Aoual of the 336th year of the Hegira. He tells that the earth is a bird.

Elizabeth
This is all very nice to know, Frank, but I can't . . .

Bacon
. . . Persia and India are the right wing . . . Gog is on the left wing . . . Africa the tail. Not a bird, a mere chicken of seven thousand years undergoing deluges, and it will be renovated every seventy thousandth Hazarouan. A Hazarouan (you know, Queen) consists of twelve thousand years.

Elizabeth
And that's how it's going?

Bacon
Well I'm not an Earl of Essex or a General of the Horse or a Lt. of the Kingdom or an Earl Marshall of England or anything like that.

Elizabeth
Come back Friday, I've got an idea.
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KEATS & HUNT

At Rise: We are in the finished basement of the Leigh Hunt House. A bamboo coffee table and sofa are the room's basic pieces. There are also some tube metal folding chairs. Hunt, himself, is seated in a leather wing chair. Some rents are visible in this piece where a spring and some horse hair have found a way out. The gentleman writes in the journal on his lap.

Keats
(calling back)
Thank you m'am. I found him down in the playroom.

Hunt
It's a finished basement and why are you late?

Keats
Mother was telling me one of those olde English folk stories.

Hunt
Can't you remember to come on time?

Keats
I sorta write it up.

Hunt
That olde fairy-story blast. . . When are you gonna grow up.

Keats
Aw . . . It's kinda cute.

Hunt
Cute. CUTE.

Keats
I'm calling it *Sleep and Poetry*.

Hunt
Not the draggy stuff again?

Keats
I'm pointing to the prestige pulps.

Hunt
You'll always be a barber.

Keats
Well, can I tell how the market gonna go?

Hunt
There's this week's *Scotch Reviewer* . . . . See this headline . . . "The Sighin' Iam is Out"

Keats
(throws up hands)
It's a fad — like Cromwell.

Hunt
The Queen's own A & R man just told me yesterday that from now on it's nothing but Heroic Couplet, Heroic Couplet and Heroic Couplet . . . . . The Big Beat!

Keats
(sorrowfully)
Yea.

Hunt
Shelly's the only guy whose been able to ride it out.

Keats
(admiringly)
He started off young with that lyrical tone and now he's evened out to a real mellow sound. (sigh)

Hunt
uh huh . . . The Old Groaner.

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Political Conventions

by Edward P. Morgan

There is much merit in General Eisenhower's recommendations to reform the national political conventions. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the two-party system and rescue these quadrennial folk festivals from the oblivion to which indignities, artificial claptrap and boredom are rapidly condemning them. The question is whether either the Republican or the Democratic national committee will get the message of distress and act.

At a GOP national committee meeting in Washington, the ex-president warned that next time around, in 1968, not only will convention proceedings be available to virtually every American home on television (and radio) but will be carried to nations all over the civilized world by Early Bird and Telstar satellites. And what, Mr. Eisenhower asked in obvious revulsion, "do we see? We see a picture of confusion, of noise, of impossible deportment, of indifference toward the subjects that are being discussed from the platform, and in short a thing if it happened in a business trustee meeting or even in the annual meeting of one of your corporations, you would be horrified."

He added he thought most of the United States would be horrifed too—which might be true if the looking and listening public had not long since been driven away from the sordid spectacle and had tuned in music or an old movie. In his own righteous indignation over the brutal discourtesies of deputized cops and other petty officials, over the aggressions of over-zealous reporters and other vulgarities, the former president seems to have overracted a little in the direction of severity.

"The first rule," General Eisenhower said, "would be to get a strong permanent chairman (of the convention) and dictatorial powers, and give him sergeants-at-arms, each of whom is about six feet four—and had a great deal of experience either as non-commissioned officers in the Army or Marines or at least in the police department." He added he thought the convention floor should be inviolable, that the press should be banned from it and even the delegation alternates should sit in the gallery and be summoned only when needed. Further ingredients of the Eisenhower convention recipe were these: fewer delegates and shorter demonstrations—limiting most of them to five minutes in order to eliminate the spurious.

The general could have made other points: almost everything at the conventions is too long, the sessions, the speeches, the rigamarole. Rarely in memory has a keynoter been worth the television prompter roll it is written on. Nominating speeches are simply exhausted hyperbole hoisted to the nth power and seconding speeches redundantly defeat their own purpose. They are made, sometimes in sextuplicate, seemingly so the panting pointer-with-pride can get his mug on television for the benefit of the folks back home. Almost invariably the cameras avoid these crashing bores and switch to something else — sometimes, admittedly, equally unedifying, like a synthetic civil rights demonstration.

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Dictatorial powers for a convention chairman seem a bit excessive for what should be one of the most important functions in an open society, the choosing of a party standard-bearer. However, the chairman should have more respected authority fortified by firm but courteous sergeants-at-arms in the hall. As for banning reporters from the floor, this is a point which merits careful and candid discussion. It is true that men of the media, especially broadcasting, have been guilty of "microphonitis" — poking equipment rudely into a caucus or the startled face of an individual delegate and getting burbled banalities in return. But these excesses stem largely from desperation for a story because the proceedings from the rostrum are usually echoing with the eloquence of unbelievable dullness. ABC News President Elmer Lower went to the heart of the difficulty when he said the politicians were endeavoring to operate "a venerable institution which has creaked into the 20th century with a 19th century format."

Real reform is the answer, not undue restrictions. The Republicans have duly appointed a committee to study the matter. It has been studied before. What is needed is action. I wonder if the broadcasting industry itself doesn't hold the key to starting it. If the Republican and Democratic national committees are loath to part with cherished absurdities, it might be fascinating to see their reaction to a united front decision by the networks not to carry the sessions live but instead to present edited video tape and radio tape capsules of the day's key convention events.

On second thought that might be doing too much of a favor to the politicians — cutting out their most boring antics. Maybe a better way to achieve reform would be to threaten to continue to carry everything live — so the voters would continue to be driven away in droves until somebody came to his senses and devised a civilized and plausible convention program.

LETTERS

HAT OFF

I was most flattered in noting that you included in your publication a speech of mine on improving foreign aid [June issue].

Sam, my hat is off to you. It takes a lot of fortitude to launch into a journalistic enterprise by starting from scratch. Now that your publication has gotten off the ground, may your success continue as you further pursue the great American tradition of exercising independent thought and freely expressed opinion.

Kindest regards.

John V. Lindsay
Member of Congress

ARMY WANT HIM?

Enclosed please find $1 to cover costs for a copy of an early issue which had an article by a U. S. Senator on the lack of necessity for the draft. Your speed will be appreciated.

J. Fox
Philadelphia

LIKED POEM

Upon hitting the pages of The Idler [Summer issue], Truth in Packaging has reached a distinction denied many equally noble pieces of legislation.

As soon as practical, I will call this new distinction to the attention of my colleagues by inserting your poem in the *Congressional Record*. Many thanks.

Philip A. Hart
U. S. Senator

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Canning Peas

By #1326

The Fox Canning Company is located in Queen Anne, Maryland (Talbot County). Its water comes from two artesian wells and it spits its waste into the Tuckahoe River.

For about a month, beginning in early June, it takes truckloads of peavines and changes them into feed for livestock (chopped up vines and pods) and millions of shiny cans of green peas.

Open-sided trucks bring loads of whole peaplants from the fields to the canning company. The plants are fed into giant rotating shellers, great beating drums turned by gas engines, connected together by rubber conveyer belts that carry the shelled peas into the cannery.

The plants and pods, after being chopped up, are hauled away by local farmers, mostly by truck but sometimes in precarious wagon loads.

In the cannery the peas go through a series of cleaning and cooking processes. They wind up in cans, which are piled on pallets and stacked in the warehouse ready to be sold and *then* labelled.

I had a mistaken conception of what the Fox cannery would be like—spotless, white, wet, steamy, PURE. I imagined clean, semi-aquatic work. Only the actual canning area where the peas are canned and go through their final inspection for stones and bad peas and pods, approached my preconception.

The floor is smooth concrete, periodically washed down by rubber-booted workers with steam hoses. The walls are white, the pipes are white, white steam rises from cooking vats, white foam collects in pockets to be washed away. Women, the final inspectors, stand at wide conveyer belts swishing the wet, deep-green stream back and forth, picking out the pods and stones and whatnots. They wear hairnets. The canning area is lit by "purification" lamps hanging down from the ceiling which give out a bright, sanctimonious glow.

The rest of the cannery, however, is not what I had expected. Peas are the first crop of the season; the cannery has been locked and dormant for eight winter months. The lofts are hot and dark. The people working in the lofts (unboxing empty cans and placing them on their initial conveyer belt, mixing sugar and salt with water in vats to make boiling "brine") are hot and gloomy. There's no real ventilation, no gusts of fresh air from outside. They work under a tin roof. It's dusty in the loft, too, and the dust stirs and clings to wet bodies.

Out at the hoppers, men use pitchforks to load the peavines in. They

TOO LIBERAL

We sent a classified ad up to the *Saturday Review* not so long ago and got back a reply which said, in part, "After careful consideration, our Acceptability Board came to the conclusion that it would prefer not to run your ad."

We had hoped that the *Saturday Review* would be able to find a little space for us amongst their other ads concerning Sell's Famous Liver Pate, WBAI-FM, exotic tropical fruit, work for an ex-convict, sex education records, and a private party wishing to buy Horatio Alger books. So we called them up to find out what was wrong.

Nothing wrong with the ad, the lady told us. "The board just decided your magazine was a little too liberal."

You're right Mr. Cousins. Next thing you know we'll become disarmament kooks.

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are supplied by tractors using front forks and as one small mountain of plants diminishes, it's replaced by the tractors. Rough work.

Most of the jobs in the cannery are monotonous, and most of them are outside the canning area. One job is to work the weighing machine. The peas come from a belt into containers connected to a scale. The peas are weighed and the weight recorded on a clipboard hanging on a nail. A white man does this, the same one every day. He may have been doing this for years. Maybe for years to come, too.

Another job is one I do frequently. It's the place where Number 10 cans come off the final belt after going through the pressure cooker and the cooler. The job here is to place six cans in a box and to pile the boxes on a pallet. Three people do this, and here's how:

The cans are pushed onto the boxing machine. The man working the machine takes an empty box from a a tin chute which comes down from the loft. A series of belts and spoked wheels position six cans in two rows of three. The box is placed upside down on the cans, a foot lever is stamped, and the machine flips the full box over onto another belt.

The second man closes the flaps and pushes the box down to the third man, who places it on a pallet. The pallet is stacked ten boxes high, five to a layer. Fifty boxes. The load is then chalked on all four sides with a code — A5X20 #1, A5Z20 #2, and so on. Then a fork lift takes the load to the warehouse.

In six hours one evening, three of us stacked 43 pallets. At fifty boxes to a pallet, that's 2,150 boxes. At six cans to a box, 12,900 gallon cans.

How many peas in a Number 10 can? Three thousand? That's approximately 38,700,000 peas in Number 10 cans in six hours.

How many peas to a mouthful? Ten? That's three million, eight hundred and seventy thousand mouthfuls. How many mouthfuls to an average serving of peas, not counting the ones that get away or stick in the mashed potatoes? Seven?

In six hours, we boxed and piled enough peas for five hundred and fifty-two thousand, eight hundred and fifty-seven point one people to eat in one meal. That's about half the people in the United States's Army, including Viet Nam.

And this total doesn't even include the 303's which come licketysplitting out of another cooker-cooler, to be boxed 24 to a box, and loaded on pallets for the warehouse. If you include the 303's in your calculations, double the total number of peas, pallets, and people.

The pea season lasts for a month. Wages at the Fox Canning Company are $1.25 per hour for men and women. Straight time, no overtime. Social security but no health or disability insurance. The "paid vacation"

Threat

O
Dawn in multiple
Scent
and
Color
Coring Day
Why are we thus induced
To hope again
Only
To
See
Our hopes traduced
Our dreams
In scarlet mist burning away
Watch out!
I
Will
Bring
Suit
Against this treachery
And
You will lose
And
God will have to pay

—*Antoni Gronowicz*

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comes at the end of the canning season when most of the workers must head for odd jobs and the unemployment office, and when their unemployment insurance runs out, odd jobs and welfare.

One dollar and twenty-five cents for everyone except for the lab men and the "people in charge" and the timekeeper. The lab men and "people in charge" are mostly college students or local school teachers or such. They get paid a dollar fifty to stick thermometers in various places (cans, cookers, coolers), to read gauges and service machines, make charts and graphs, and to look generally clean and efficient.

Anyone working at the cannery could read thermometers and meter gauges, but like anywhere else, the Fox Canning Company places a premium on "education" and skin color. There are no Negroes making a dollar fifty.

I met Mr. Dennis my first day there. He and I teamed up to shovel peas into two large tubs. These tubs, side by side, are each about 30 feet long, six feet wide and six feet deep. They are filled prior to beginning the canning operation and act as a reserve once the canning starts, insuring a continuous river of peas. In order to fill the tubs, you have to do a lot of shovelling. Under a tin roof. Mr. Dennis, Negro, said that he'd worked for Mr. Fox's daddy, and that up to a couple of years ago, his pay had been $1.15 an hour. Now he's making the minimum wage.

Mr. Dennis, like most of the other cannery workers, puts in as many hours as he's able during the canning season. Twelve to fifteen hours a day. But, like he says, canning lasts only about three months. Peas and corn and lima beans. Mr. Dennis is over 65. If he were any younger, in a few more years he might be able to say that he worked for Mr. Fox's granddaddy and be making $1.30 or $1.35 an hour. Things seem to be heading that way.

One day, the word was put out to the community that Fox was selling fresh peas, and while a worker, using a Number 10 measure, sold peas to the people for four hours (net wages five dollars) the Fox Canning Company made about a thousand.

Down the road from the cannery is Wooter's Tavern—for white only. They sell pretty good sandwiches, and if a Negro wants a beer and a ham and cheese for lunch, all he has to do is ring a bell at the back window. Herbie and Kenny and the other younger Negro workers walk past Wooter's to the used car place and shoot pool and drink sodas down there.

That first day, when I was in the vats with Mr. Dennis under the tin roof, another worker, an older white man, came up and, looking in the vat, said "they sure look good" with vast and genuine appreciation born of a lifetime with crops. Well, when I thought about it, forgetting the unnumbered shovelfulls we'd heaved about, they *did* look good. Smelled good, too. Tasted green and clean, with that peculiar metallic flavor of fresh peas.

And I remembered the way we used to shell peas out of our garden when I was young. Holding the pod, cracking it with thumb pressure, and pushing the peas out like you were shooting marbles. Every evening, enough peas for four people. Half a gallon, maybe, not even that many. Peas looked good then, too, tasting like metal, making a hallow "bing" on the bottom of the pressure cooker. Part of every summer. Part of growing up.

But here it's different. Somewhere in the steam and the noise, the long endless belts of empty cans and full cans, tin roofed lofts and warehouses filled with piled-high pallets marked A5x20 #1, etc., in chalk on four sides, and time cards punched by Eddy the timekeeper; or out where whole peavines are pitch-forked and beaten and rolled and tumbled, and engines growl, belts scream, and spinning cog wheels stun your senses, the green of peas become a different green, meant for counting and folding, not for eating.

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Abjured Criteria

Johnny will never learn to read — or to write — if American educators continue their assault on the English language. It is ironic but true that some of the worst writing to be found in this country comes from academic pens. You'll find it in Ph.D. theses, professional journals and reports on the state of education. The example that follows is unfortunately typical. It's from a memorandum by a professor of education at Montclair State College, Upper Montclair, N. J. The memorandum was titled "College Admissions: A Working Memorandum for Viable Criteria for the Societally Deprived." The excerpts are from section IV of the report:

"It is proposed that Montclair State College appoint an ad hoc committee to explore the practicability (above and beyond its defined commitments) of admitting students by criteria other than those conventionally used, and specifically, that it study the following:

"1. The definition of new criteria for societally disadvantaged students with particular attention to the role of recommendations by (a) guidance counselors, (b) principals (c) teachers qua admissions and suspension of criteria normally structured.

"2. A precollege enrichment program for those students admitted under new criteria defined in IV:1 supra.

"3. The structuring of a pilot project involving 15 to 20 students admitted under criteria defined in IV:1. . . . .

"5. Extrapolation and assessment of all data pertinent to the continuation of the project in an expanded form.

. . . . . "The project in no way detracts from Montclair's commitments or prejudicially abjures criteria currently used in the admission of students who are outside the patterns which this memorandum defines."

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Flotsam & Jetsam

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the dropping of atomic bombs on Japan has brought with it a controversial new book by Gar Alperovitz: *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam.* (Simon and Schuster, $7.50.)

Gar argues, in his well-documented work, that political reasons, specifically our desire to get the upper hand on the Russians, motivated the U.S. action more than military considerations. The thesis has stirred some debate among the experts — which doesn't include us. We just found it a very interesting book.

MARY WARREN, chief discoverer of interesting miscellany we might otherwise have missed, has sent us a copy of the newsletter of the Life Extension Society. It contains a report on LES's offer to freeze the first person under its sub-zero life-after-death program. The reports begins:

"It is a short report. No one has accepted so far. Such apathy may be understandable to those outside the freezing movement, but unfathomable to some of those within."

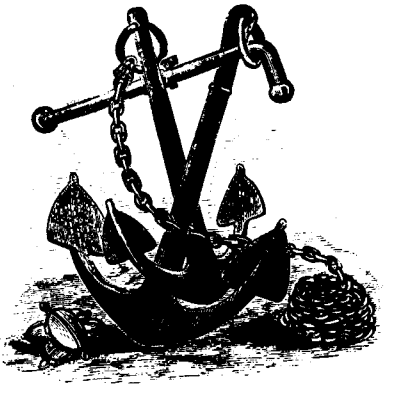
The report also lists phone numbers (including evening, weekend and holiday numbers) in case you know of "anyone who is dying who wishes to be preserved via cyrogenic (low temperature) storage."

ALY IMRAN, a librarian in Indonesia, has written us for a sample copy of the magazine. He ended his letter with this wonderful phrase: "On interest and Sir assistance I say thank you and until meet again — Yours faithful."

OUR SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENT reports that the Arabian peninsula is drifting away from the African continent. That's the conclusion of British members of the International Indian Ocean Expedition. It isn't really news; the drift began 20 million years ago and is now proceeding at a rate of only 2 centimeters each year.

AND WHILE WE ARE WORRYING about such things, we should take note of certain comments by Dr. Fred Hoyle, the cosmologist. Dr. Hoyle rather glibly proposed recently that we may be able at some recent date to alter the orbit of Venus. The reason for doing this would be to move the planet further away from the sun and thus make it habitable for humans. This is very dangerous speculation. Once our statesmen get the idea that they don't have to save the world after all, we'll really be in trouble.

THE SPIRIT OF BERKELEY is spreading if a report from Nigeria is any evidence. There the National Union of Nigerian Students has condemned the resort to violence by some University of Lagos students in their dispute with university authority. NUNS called it a "gross abuse of the noble privilege of academic freedom."



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- *Peter Jay Drops in on a KKK Meeting.*
- *Los Angeles: It Didn't Surprise Everybody*
- *Finding the Madeba Map*
- *Sundry Other Matters Too Tedious to Mention*

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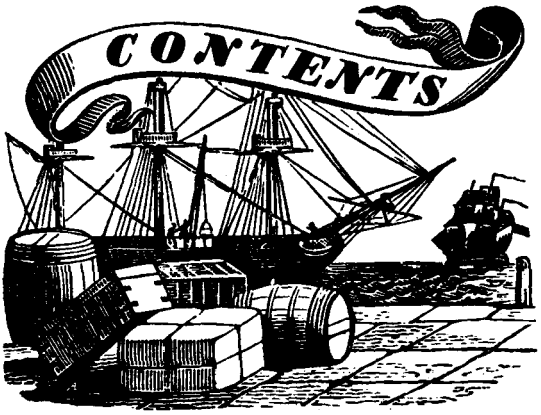

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